

The Times.

The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

VOL. II. NO. 44.

GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1857.

(WHOLE NO. 95.

WRITTEN FOR THE GREENSBORO TIMES.
ISABELLA HARROLL;
OR,
The Inebriate Preferred.
BY MRS. L. M. HUTCHINSON.

Evening was coming on silently with the cold shades and gloomy aspect, as Isabella Harroll sat near the waning fire, the coals of which were fast turning to embers—there occasionally emitting from her saddened heart a mournful sigh, as her husband entered the room cross and peevish and uttering words, which three years before would have sounded frightful even to his own ears! For now he was changed, greatly changed. Then he was one of the most moral and exemplary young men in the village. Then, no oath had passed his lips—then, no intoxicating poison had reddened his eye—nor had any haunt of vice drawn him away from the paths of virtue. O! what a contrast between his present and past course of life. Before the bacchanalian cup had charmed his eye, he was the pride of the village and the idol of his kindred. His parents rejoiced in him as the beau ideal of perfection. Many a young associate too envied him, as he saw him the most popular of the beau. Isabella most of all congratulated herself on her having secured his love. Nor did he feel less joyful to think, that he should possess so fair a flower for his bride. But the flower was fading now—oh! it had already faded! Three years had brought many bright days, but alas! many dark ones to succeed them. Charles Harroll had become quite a politician—he had forsaken his business almost, to gratify his ambition in this line of things—had deserted his old comrades, and made new ones; had left the noble and joined the vulgar!

And Isabella had witnessed all this. She saw him the first night when he returned home from a political meeting all enthusiasm in regard to it—when his vibrations indicate an artificial stimulant! when for the first time an angry word passed his lips as he spoke to the companion of his bosom. And she had felt that first keen pang too, on that eventful night, which foreboded wretchedness to his fortune—to himself—to her! And oh! what a pang it was! Death to every grateful anticipation—disappointment to every hope—extinction to every brilliant ray of happiness!

A little more than a year, since her marriage, had passed away, ere the light of the sun presented to her anxious eyes the fac-simile of her husband in the charms of an infant. Then she rejoiced over the little idol and her joy was mingled with its doating father's. Nor did the serpent enter the blooming Eden of her house, till some six months after this noted time. But scarcely had the young representative of his father begun to appear most enchanting to his eye, ere in the wine cup, he saw more attractive charms. His party had enticed him away; and his ambitious aspirations “justified his present indulgence.” Indeed he must set an example of such a character as that others would follow it—and following it would follow him. He must sell himself and buy up his party. He must secure their favor or lose the office to which he aspired! So he imagined and he acted accordingly.

Isabella saw the future with a prophetic eye and wept at the prospect. But what availed her tears. They were merely the marks of derision. The more she wept, the more he revel. His love died within him, and her spirit within her. And what a scene did this once lovely home now present to the view? Joy and peace had fled! reproaches and execrations had taken their place! yet Isabella strove to bear—but oh! how hard was the trial! How hard was it to be most hated by the one by whom she ought to have been most loved! And then the little Harroll was to grow up under such influences and subject to such a blight! His father was to be an inebriate—himself possibly, should he live, the same. Alas! for the inebriate's wife; has she not much to endure? Still her comfort was her little child. Without him she would have been lonely indeed! For now Charles often staid out till midnight; later even at times—and always returned home intoxicated—and unable to stand alone. What a companion for one educated in all the refinements and delicacies of social life.

Nor during all this time did Charles Harroll spare his pecuniary means. His property ran to waste. Soon it was entirely gone! Dissipation—recklessness—knavery swept it all away! Penury and want succeeded. And yet Isabella did not absolutely give way to the storm, that encompassed her. She resorted to the needle for the means of support. Her little gains, thus acquired, she scarcely could keep from the hands of her arbitrary

brought yourself—you were conducted home last night by strangers and still, are unconscious of it! Nor is this all!

“Isabella,” said he, “are you jesting with me?”

“No indeed I never jest with you—and never have; and should I jest with you now about a most serious matter? Why last night when you were brought home you looked like a corpse. Indeed I thought you were one!”

“Is it possible!”

“Yes, and that is not all.”

“And what more?”

“Why you were not able to utter a solitary word even for two hours! so chilled were you by the cold!”

“Indeed I have no recollection of it.”

“And no regret, Charles, over it? none! none! Oh! how it does pain me to think that you are lost to all shame, you, Charles, once my dearest dear; and dear still—but oh! how changed!—look Charles, in this glass. Is that the man, that I married three years ago?—no!—Charles no. I never married such a looking object as that—no my dear, nor did you ever marry such a looking creature as I now am!—O! my ruined Charles, have I changed or you?—or both?—ah! both, not in heart no not I but you have changed in looks and heart too!”

“And I will change again Isabella.”

“Never, Charles, never—you have said so before, and yet you only change from bad to worse. But do you know where you were found last night?”

“No indeed I know nothing about it.”

“Well will you go with me and see?”

“Why should I?”

“Why should you not?”

“I see no object in it. It was not a bad place for I went to none.”

“Not to the dram shop, Charles?”

“Why, yes—do you mean there?”

“No.”

“Where then?”

“O! come go with me and see.”

Isabella took her darling little boy by the hand and led him along, the father accompanying them, and yet reluctantly, for he did not know what the object was of taking him to the place nor where the place might be.

They reached the rail-way.

“There,” said Isabella—“there you lay directly across the track and had not the cars been detained, by some providential circumstance, where would you have been now?”

Charles was amazed!—he said nothing, indeed he could say nothing—but he felt—he wept.

His wife made a signal to the child to return. They went back to the house. In a few moments he said—

“Isabella, have you ever heard of the Sons of Temperance?”

“Yes, indeed.”

“Well I will go and sign the pledge.”

“No,—my husband no—why should you—have mortified me enough already; why will you mortify me more?”

“Would that mortify you—Isabella?”

“Charles, if you go—you will not help by that *dram shop*, without calling in, and if you call in there you are a gone man! you will come home to-night dead!”

“No, Isabella; no! I couldn't come if I were dead.”

“Ah! don't trifle Charles don't—I tremble when I think of your danger last night—and of your narrow escape from death!”

“What then shall I do—I you would have me do something would you not?”

“Yes.”

“What?”

“Go with me to the Sons of Temperance—and let me see you sign the pledge.”

“You shall go, Isabella, and be a witness;—and I swear by high—”

“No, no, Charles, don't swear there is no need of swearing—think of that railway—and your narrow escape from death.”

“Ah! Isabella—I will—and of you were dead.”

“We do not know,” they cried, “we found him on the railway lifeless; to all appearance and hearing that this was his home, we have brought him here. He is not cold, madam,—he is hardly dead.”

“My Charles,” she said, “speak, O! speak to me—to me, your Isabella; you are at home now.”

Charles signed the pledge in the presence of his wife, kept it and his promise of fidelity to his family, and Isabella was once more the envy of the village and Charles the pride of his friends.

Afflictions are sent us by Providence, to teach us to recollect our ways.

Bacon says, justly, the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.

Pursh says:—“Quosque tabidum abire, Crispin, patientia nostra.”

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
WHAT'S MY FUTURE.
A MIDNIGHT PHANTASY.

BY J. WOODRUFF LEWIS.

Like the dark, the awful curtain,
Midnight storms, there might exerting,
Conjur'd up in gloom uncertain,
In the sky.

Is the mist my spirit veiling,
Is the unknown future, quailing;
Blighting hope with every failing
Thought she can spy.

Dark within beyond revealing,
Are the frightful fancies stealing
O'er the mystic fount of feeling
In my brain.

Almost driving me to madness,
While a dark, chaotic sadness
Fills the place once filled by gladness
Without stain!

What's my future? Never end'n
Years of torment, midst contending
Demons, where hell-fires are rending
With their cries?

Or a home, with angels holy,
With the Saviour's moon and lowly,
Far from sin and melancholy,
In the skies?

Faded shadows o'er me falling,
Are my soul's bright fancies palling,—
Still I hear the sainted calling
Me above.

Where no sorrow dark is staining,
Souls their final bliss attaining,
But where every joy is beginning,
Crowned with love!

Oh! for rest in peaceful Aiden,
Where the soul with joy is laden,
Where I'll meet an angel-maiden
Gone before!

Death, no Demons ne'er can sever
Heart that live and love forever,
Heart whose holy passion never
Will be o'er!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
REV. W. H. MILBURN.

Among the many bright examples of distinction won under difficulties, the life of William Henry Milburn stands prominent. The Publishers have recently issued a volume of his lectures, bearing the title of one of his best efforts—“The Rifle, Axe and Saddle-Bags.”

In the October number of the Southern Literary Messenger is a very interesting review of Mr. Milburn and his work, and for the benefit of such readers of the *Times* as have it not, we will condense the following facts from the brief sketch of Mr. Milburn, given in the prefix to his volume of Lectures.

He spent his early childhood in Philadelphia. When but a boy, he entirely lost the use of one eye and was partially blind in the other. Despite this serious disadvantage, he has been a diligent and faithful student from boyhood to the present time. At 14 years of age, he was employed as a clerk in a store in some part of Illinois. Here he occupied his leisure hours in storing his mind with thoughts and by the aid of friends who read to him and his own exertions, unabated and untiring, he was prepared to enter a collegiate institution. At college his progress was rapid, and he was in a fair way to achieve distinction, when in consequence of close application, his health failed him, and “active life was prescribed as the only thing calculated to restore him to vigor.” He began his public career as a Methodist minister, and labored for two years among the cabins of the West, a suffering almost incredible hardships.

In the fall of 1845, he made his appearance in the Northern and Eastern States, as an advocate for the cause of education in the West, and was everywhere received with enthusiasm, not only on account of his intellectual qualities, but also for his amiable disposition, and eminent social virtues. On his journey north, Mr. Milburn found himself on board of an Ohio river steamer, on which were three hundred passengers. From the number of days the passengers had been together, Mr. Milburn had become pretty well informed of their character, and he found most prominent among the gentlemen, were a number of members of Congress, on their way to Washington. These gentlemen had attracted Mr. Milburn's attention, on account of their exceptional habits. On the arrival of Sabbath morning, it was rumored through the boat, that a minister was on board, and Mr. Milburn, who had up to this time attracted no attention, was hustled up and called upon to “give a discourse.” He promptly consented, and in due time commenced divine service. The members of Congress, to whom he had alluded, were among the congregation, and by common consent had possession of the chairs nearest to the preacher. Mr. Milburn gave an address suitable to the occasion, full of eloquence and pathos, and was listened to throughout with the most intense interest. At the conclusion he stopped short, and turning his face, now beaming with fervent zeal, towards the “honorable gentlemen,” he said; “Among the passengers in this steamer, are a number of their constituents, from their position they should be exemplars of good morals and dignified conduct, but from what I have heard of them they are not so. The Union of these States, if dependent on such guardians, would be unsafe, and all the high hopes I have of the fu-

ture of my country would be dashed to the ground. These gentlemen, for days past, have made the air heavy with profane conversation, have been constant patrons of the bar, and encouters of intemperance: my more, the night, which should be devoted to rest, has been dedicated to the horrid vices of gambling, profanity and drunkenness.

debts and gives the tombstones and re-

cips in full of all demands!”

“What is poverty?”

“The reward of merit Genius generally receives from a discriminating public.

“What is religion?”

“Doing unto others as you please, without allowing them a return of compliment.

“What is fame?”

“A six line puff in a newspaper while living, and your fortune to your enemies when dead.”

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
THOU CANST NOT KEEP HER DEATH.

BY MATILDA.

The following beautiful lines were written upon the death of a most lovely Sister. How heart touching and true to life, none can fully appreciate, but those who have passed through like trying afflictions. A depth of feeling and pure Christian resignation is breathed in each line, such as none can pen, but she who feels the deepest shaft. Reader, have you lost a loved one, whose spirit was knitted in thine? With the humble spirit of Christian fortitude, say—“Lord let thy

Thou canst not keep her death, thy swelling waves

May sweep a moment o'er our darling's heart,

And her loved form be to thy bosom prest;

But still O! still our treasure is not thine,

The doors of heaven unfold to take her in:

And life is free from sorrow and from sin:

Bright in that land her gentle bough shall beam

Crowned with the leaves of joy that never die,

Sue fades from earth to blossom in the sky.

O! God, I thank thee for the blessed hope

That fills my bosom in this hour of pain,

The gear, dear hope, that what I lose on earth

Will soon be gathered to my heart again:

If 'tis thy will, O! take her to thyself,

But let me feel our parting is not long—

To thy my hand I clasp, I trust in thee,

To give me strength, O! help me to be strong,

And fail not to drop my pinions in the dust

And loss looks faint upon the road of life

And all seems hard, but still in thee I trust.

Yea, though they slay me, calmly as a child

That leans unfearing on its mother's knee,

And looks up ever to her loving face,

Thus, thus, my Father, do I look to thee,

To send thy comfort and thy peace to me,

And to thy love, O! take her to thyself,

And let me say what thou dost in earth—of mine

That she has but a share to my bleeding heart,

That she is shielded in thy house above,

So shall the arrow that thy justice sends,

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

ADVERTISING.

One square (12 lines) first insertion \$1.00.
Each additional week 25cts. The following advertising will be made in favor of standing advertisements:

	3 MONTHS	6 MONTHS	1 YEAR
One square	\$ 3.00	\$ 5.00	\$ 8.00
Two squares	6.00	10.00	15.00
Three squares	9.00	15.00	20.00
Half column	18.00	25.00	35.00
Professional and business Cards, not exceeding six lines—per annum,			\$5.00

THE WAR IN INDIA.

In the first number of the *Southern Citizen*, by John Mitchel, the Irish exile, and therefore not a very good friend to Great Britain, is the following remarks on the war in India.

"We have been somewhat surprised at the readiness of our worthy journalists in America to take the British version of this whole affair. Do they forget the Crimean war uniformly the telegraph lied in the interest of the "allies," though it was sure to be contradicted the next day by true intelligence through St. Petersburg and Berlin. How much more desperately will the British news writers in India lie now, when there will be no authentic contradiction, perhaps, for years? It is only from their own contradictions of their own stories that we can come at any approximation to the truth."

Now it is with pleasure that in this first number of the *SOUTHERN CITIZEN*, we inform our readers

"First, that all through the insurgent provinces, the British are in one wild rout."

"Second, That General Havelock, who we were told lately was driving Nana Sahib before him with dreadful carnage towards Lucknow, had defeated him in four great battles and afterwards entered Lucknow in triumph, has never reached Lucknow. Lucknow is "left to its fate," that is to its right owners. Observe that Lucknow is the splendid capital of Oude, a kingdom which only a few months ago was seized upon without provocation, and contrary to treaty, by a British army.

"Third, That Nana Sahib, who was stated to have drowned himself with all his family, has been no such fool, but is still alive, but we have no very late account of his movements.

"Fourth, That the insurrection has spread to the Bowbary Presidency.

As to "sympathy" for one side or the other on this side of the Atlantic, it matters little. Most of us will sympathize with the successful party; those who believe whatever the British choose to tell of the "atrocities" and "murders" of the Sepoys will naturally wish for the subjugation of such a gang of wretches. Those who know the system of British rule in Hindostan ought to pray that every red coat may be speedily exterminated there.

BRITISH TAXATION IN INDIA.

The following is a short catalogue, taken from the Minutes of Parliamentary Committee upon Indian Affairs, in 1855, of the modes of torture employed to collect the taxes of the East India company:

"Squeezing the tips, and of women, the breasts, with an instrument like a lemon squeezer, called the Kittie; placing men under the noon day sun, with their bodies nearly double, the head being tied down with heavy stones placed on their necks on their backs; squeezing the tips of their fingers; twisting the ears; tying up the legs with the head hanging downwards; twisting the rope tightly round the entire arm or leg so as to impede circulation; lifting up by the mustache; suspending by the arms with tied behind the back; soaring with hot irons; placing scratching insects, such as the carpet-beetle, on the most sensitive parts of the body; dipping in wells and rivers till the party is half suffocated; beating with sticks; prevention of sleep; nipping the flesh with pinces; putting pepper or red chillies in the eyes; quartering a pomm on the defaulter, who is obliged to pay him daily wages; pinches on the thighs; slaps, blows with the fist or whip; running up and down; making a man sit upon the soles of his feet with brickbats behind his knees; putting a low east man on the back; striking two defaulter's heads against each other, or tying them together by their back hair; placing in the stocks; tying the hair of the head to a donkey's or buffalo's tail; placing a necklace of bones or other degrading or disgusting materials, round the neck."

Without going back into the means by which that British dominion was successively established in the Indian countries, it is enough to read the above to make every just man hope for the day when such a system of rule will be swept from the noble peninsula in a storm of wrath and vengeance."

A HOT RECEPTION FOR GEN. WALKER.—Should Gen. Walker make another attempt to invade Nicaragua, he will no doubt meet with a hot reception; at least so much would be inferred from President Mora's recent message to the Costa Rican Congress assembled at San Jose on the 6th inst. In alluding to the recent struggle in which Costa Rica has been engaged with Walker's filibusters, he expresses the fear that it is not yet over, but that a more terrible irritation is threatening. In anticipation of such an event, the army of eight thousand men has been thoroughly reorganized, and additions are constantly making to the military stores. "To disciplined soldiers," says President Mora, "it is well armed, it is possible we may have to submit; but we shall submit with glory and honor, after having made the enemy pay dearly for his triumph."

He alludes to the proofs of generosity which the people of Costa Rica have given the world, in their treatment of the filibusters who surrendered at Rivas, and contrasts with their course the conduct of their enemies. He solicitudes the legislature on the anxiety which subsists between the Government of the U.S. and Spain, and Costa Rica, and

on the cordiality which prevails among those of Central America.

THE MAELSTROM.

Bayard Taylor, in his last letter from the north of Europe, thus describes this marvel of the geographies:

"On approaching the islands, we had a fair view of the last outposts of the group—the solid barriers against which the utmost fury of the Atlantic dashes in vain. This side of Vaneo lay the large island of Musko, between which and a large solitary rock in the middle of the strait dividing them is the locality of the renowned maelstrom—now, alas! almost as mythical as the kraken or great sea-snake of the Norwegian fords. It is a pity that the geographical illusions of our boyish days cannot remain. You learn that the noise of Niagara can be heard 120 miles off, and that some Indians, in their canoes, have ventured down it with safety?" Well, one could give up the Indians without much difficulty, but it is rather discouraging to step out of the Falls' Depot for the first time and hear no sound except "Cab sir?" "Hotel sir?" So of the Maelstrom, denoted on my school boy map by a great spiral twist, which suggested a tremendous whirl of the ocean currents, aside by the information that "vessels cannot approach nearer than seven miles." In Olney, moreover, there was a picture of a luckless bark, half way down the vortex I had been warning my imagination, as we came up the coast, with Campbell's notorious lines—

"Bound the shores where runs Old Howe's his war song to the galley—
Round the isles where loud Lofoden
Whirl to death the roaring whale."

and, as we looked over the smooth water towards Moskow, felt a renewed desire to make an excursion thither on our return from the North. But, according to Capt Rus, and other modern authorities, which I consulted, the Maelstrom has lost all its terrors and attractions. Under certain conditions of wind and tide, an eddy is formed in the strait, it is true, which may be dangerous to small boats, but the place is by no means so much dredged as the Salton Fjord where the tide, rushing in, is caught in such a manner as to form a bore, as in the Bay of Fundy, and frequently proves destructive to the fishing craft. It is the general opinion that some of the rocks which formerly made the Maelstrom terrible have been worn away, or that

the Bengal army is no more. A hundred thousand men are against us. That noble body of born and bred soldiers, by the aid of which we have conquered and annexed so many rich territories and warlike tribes, and which dissipated in a few days the dark cloud from the Punjab, to which our European neighbors had long pointed with expectancy, is now sternly bent on numbering England in the long list of its conquests.

"If it is, however, true that the native army was the whole, regularly the whole, of our strength in India, then our empire would indeed be now in its last hour. But

that 108 gallons of the juice was expressed from about an acre of stalks. If a good mill had been used he thought 250 or 300 gallons might have been got from the same stalks. It produced over 25 bushels of seed to the acre. He thought that a larger quantity of fodder might be made from a certain number of stalks of Indian corn than the sugar cane would produce. Mr. Smith stated that 8 gallons of the juice, he thought, was sufficient to make a gallon of good syrup. He stated that it was a most excellent food for hogs, and that they ate it with greater avidity than Indian corn. He thinks it will become very profitable.

Mr. Burgwin said that he thought the sugar cane would be more profitable as fodder than for any other purpose. His idea is to sow the seed thick, and when the cane is about knee high to cut it down with a rasper. When dry it was better for horses than oats.

Judge Ruffin also spoke in favor of the Chinese Sugar cane as an article of food for stock.

On Wednesday a discussion ensued as to the proper means of raising funds for the benefit of the Society, and about fifteen or twenty subscriptions of fifty dollars were received in all.

On motion of Mr. Smith, of Halifax, the election of officers was proceeded with.

The President was urged to accept a resolution, and finally consented, and was reelected by acclamation.

All the Vice Presidents were also elected by acclamation.

The election of Secretary was next proceeded with.

The incumbent, Mr. W. D. Cooke was in nomination. H. C. Jones, Esq., added the name of Mr. John Spelman. A ballot ensued, which resulted in the election of Mr. Cooke by ten majority.

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The Treasurer, Mr. J. F. Hutchins was then elected by acclamation—a very flattering compliment.

On Thursday, Oct. 22d, the Society met at the usual hour, and the President re-appointed the last year's executive committee. E. P. Jones, Esq., of Caswell was appointed Chief Marshal for the next Fair.

THE FIRST AERONAUTS.—The first persons who ascended into the atmosphere with a balloon, filled with gas, were Messrs. Charles and Roberts, of Paris. The balloon was twenty-seven feet in diameter, made of varnished silk, and had a car suspended for the accommodation of the two adventurers. To prevent any expansion of the gas, the balloon was furnished with a valve so constructed as to permit a free discharge when occasion required. On

the 17th of December, 1783, Messrs.

Charles and Roberts, having previously ascertained the direction of the wind by launching a small balloon, ascended from Paris to the height of six hundred feet, and after a voyage of an hour and three quarters, descended at a distance of twenty-seven miles from the place of their departure.

The last ray of hope has been dispelled by the late arrival of news from India, and must now record, with feelings of the profoundest sorrow, that there is every reason to believe the four missionary families of the Presbyterian Board at Fulterville have perished in the massacre.

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IMPORTANT TO RAILROAD COMPANIES.

A case has just been decided before Judge Wardlaw, at the Barnwell Court, which is important, as showing the obligations of Railroad Companies to passengers.

An action was brought by Mr.

Hoffman for damages received by an accident to the cars of the South Carolina Railroad in October, 1855. It appeared

in evidence that there had been no want

of care on the part of the employees of

the railroad, and that his injuries were so slight as to render it necessary for him to remain under the hands of a physician but a few days.

The amount of damage claimed was \$5000, which the jury reduced to \$150. *Chas. Cow.*

AN ACCOUNT THREE MILES LONG.—

The last quarterly returns, or account of

the business of the New York City post office which was received at the Department in Washington in a day or two after

the close of the quarter, if stretched out

page by page continually, would make a

string of paper quite three miles long!

should not be granted even after a suspension of specific payments, unless it satisfactorily appears to the Judge that it is necessary to prevent fraud and injustice.

"The mere fact of suspension of specific payments (when it is general) is not of itself sufficient proof of fraud or injustice to authorize such injunction.

"As a general rule it is not expedient to grant an injunction against a bank without previous notice.

"It was also resolved that Justice Mitchell be requested to furnish a copy of those opinions to each of the Justices of the Supreme Court in other districts, with a request that they respectively communicate to him their views on the same points."

The action of the judges will tend to prevent the further application for injunctions before the Justices of the Supreme Court, and will involve the dissolution of the injunctions heretofore issued and the appointment of receivers thereunder, in all cases where the receivers have not actually begun to liquidate. —*Evening Post.*

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE WAR IN INDIA.

Some idea may be gained of the magnitude of the war now waging between England and her Indian Government, by the following admissions from the London Times. The Times is quite reluctant in coming to the point, but so evident is the ease becoming, that it now admits of no doubt. England has her handful, and if it ends with the war in India, she may be thankful. But of the secret conferences of the crowned heads of Europe of course nothing is known.

"Bound the shores where runs Old Howe's his war song to the galley—
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the Bengal army is no more. A hundred thousand men are against us. That noble body of born and bred soldiers, by the aid of which we have conquered and annexed so many rich territories and warlike tribes, and which dissipated in a few days the dark cloud from the Punjab, to which our European neighbors had long pointed with expectancy, is now sternly bent on numbering England in the long list of its conquests.

"If it is, however, true that the native army was the whole, regularly the whole, of our strength in India, then our empire would indeed be now in its last hour. But

that 108 gallons of the juice was expressed from about an acre of stalks. If a good mill had been used he thought 250 or 300 gallons might have been got from the same stalks. It produced over 25 bushels of seed to the acre. He thought that a larger quantity of fodder might be made from a certain number of stalks of Indian corn than the sugar cane would produce. Mr. Smith stated that 8 gallons of the juice, he thought, was sufficient to make a gallon of good syrup. He stated that it was a most excellent food for hogs, and that they ate it with greater avidity than Indian corn. He thinks it will become very profitable.

Mr. Burgwin said that he thought the sugar cane would be more profitable as fodder than for any other purpose. His idea is to sow the seed thick, and when the cane is about knee high to cut it down with a rasper. When dry it was better for horses than oats.

Judge Ruffin also spoke in favor of the Chinese Sugar cane as an article of food for stock.

On Wednesday a discussion ensued as to the proper means of raising funds for the benefit of the Society, and about fifteen or twenty subscriptions of fifty dollars were received in all.

On motion of Mr. Smith, of Halifax, the election of officers was proceeded with.

The President was urged to accept a resolution, and finally consented, and was reelected by acclamation.

All the Vice Presidents were also elected by acclamation.

The election of Secretary was next proceeded with.

The incumbent, Mr. W. D. Cooke was in nomination. H. C. Jones, Esq., added the name of Mr. John Spelman. A ballot ensued, which resulted in the election of Mr. Cooke by ten majority.

The Treasurer, Mr. J. F. Hutchins was then elected by acclamation—a very flattering compliment.

On Thursday, Oct. 22d, the Society met at the usual hour, and the President re-appointed the last year's executive committee. E. P. Jones, Esq., of Caswell was appointed Chief Marshal for the next Fair.

THE FIRST AERONAUTS.—The first persons who ascended into the atmosphere with a balloon, filled with gas, were Messrs. Charles and Roberts, of Paris. The balloon was twenty-seven feet in diameter, made of varnished silk, and had a car suspended for the accommodation of the two adventurers. To prevent any expansion of the gas, the balloon was furnished with a valve so constructed as to permit a free discharge when occasion required. On

the 17th of December, 1783, Messrs.

Charles and Roberts, having previously ascertained the direction of the wind by launching a small balloon, ascended from Paris to the height of six hundred feet, and after a voyage of an hour and three quarters, descended at a distance of twenty-seven miles from the place of their departure.

THE TIMES

Published every Thursday in Greensboro, N. C.

EDITORS.
S. W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES, W.
ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors.
Rev. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina,

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, OCT. 29, 1857.

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PRIZES! PRIZES!!

The Publishers of the Times will give a Prize of \$10 for the best original story of not less than twenty columns. And for the second best, they will give a Prize of \$20. To give competitors time, we will delay the decision until the 20th of January, and manuscripts received up to that date will be entitled to a trial for the premiums. Competent and disinterested judges will make the decision. All manuscripts will be at the disposal of the publishers after the judges have awarded the Premiums.

Competitors must mail their manuscripts to "The Times" marked "Prize," and enclose their address in a sealed envelope. P. S. Should the Publishers deem any story, not awarded a premium, worthy of publication, they will refund the author or all the expense of postage &c.

PUBLIC MEETING.

The members of the GREENE Monument Association will hold a public meeting in the Court House on Thursday night. A number of able addresses may be expected both by citizens of Greensboro and by visiting members of the Bar. The public are invited to attend, and for the ladies especial accommodation will be provided. Let them all come and add the charms of their smiles to the eloquence of the Orators, and the meeting will prove both interesting and profitable.

OUR BANK SUSPENSION. An article in the Fayetteville Observer on the subject of bank suspension North, coincides with the sentiment of our remark last week in reference to the time of suspensions in this state. The Observer says, "We think our North Carolina Banks suspended at the very right time. As long as Virginia and South Carolina stood firm, we hold that it was the impudent act of our Bank to do likewise, even at a large sacrifice. The State would have had reason to complain, and to feel deeply mortified, if a bank suspension had taken place here and been made to serve as a pretext or justification for suspension in Virginia and South Carolina. When suspended, there was no longer either reason or right for our Banks to continue to pay, and thus be drained of specie to strengthen those States."

SOUTHWARD DRIFT OF THE COAST WATER.—A bottle has been picked up on the Atlantic beach of Currituck, North Carolina, containing a memorandum to the following effect: "Steamer City of Washington, 6th July, 1857, off Long Island, near New York, George Walmsley passenger." If this be a creditable document, (says the Norfolk Argus,) it shows a set of the Ocean current to the Southward along the coast, inside of the Gulf Stream, in the opposite direction of the great current. This probability is corroborated by the fact that wrecked goods from the steamer Norfolk, which foundered off Chincoteague, have drifted Southwardly, in large quantities to the same beach where this bottle was found.

MILLIONS OF MONEY.—The St. Louis Intelligencer says that not less than three millions of dollars have been withdrawn from the banks and bankers of St. Louis, in the last thirty days. This was mostly good money, too. It has not left the city. It is stowed away in secret places, and will return to active employment, and to the bank vaults, with returning confidence.

GRAIN GOING TO EUROPE.—The New York Journal of Commerce learns from the inspector of vessels loading with grain at the port of New York, that there are not less than eighteen ships which have gone, or will go previous to the 26th instant, taking to Liverpool one million one hundred thousand bushels of grain.

THE SOUTHERN CITIZEN is the name of a new paper just commenced in Knoxville, Tenn., by John Mitchell, the well-known Irish exile, and W. G. Swan, an eminent citizen of East Tennessee. The first number of the *Citizen* is before us, a large well-filled weekly at \$2 a year in advance. The editors are men of much ability and write their opinions boldly and fearlessly. The *Citizen* will be a thoroughly Democratic and States'-Rights Journal, and will advocate the re-opening of the Slave trade.

NEW CONSTITUTION FOR KANSAS.—Information has been received at Washington from an official source to the effect that the Constitutional Convention of Kansas will submit the Constitution to the people for ratification or rejection.

THE SOUTHERN PRESS ON NORTHERN PUBLICATIONS.—The preaching and the practice of the Southern press bears the semblance of inconsistency. The doctrines are, theoretically, correct, and are preached with quite an *unction* of fervency. But too often the auditory is forced to cry out, "Physician heal thyself." When we find wholesale denunciations of Northern publications in a Southern paper, and then in the advertising of the same sheet, see the humbugging *Gift Enterprise* of some publisher, we cannot believe in the sincerity of said paper. That our people should patronize their own home publications in preference to others, hardly admits of an argument; and if left to the decision of their own better judgment, we believe they would almost unanimously adopt this course. The responsibility for the contrary course of action, to a very great extent, must, therefore, rest upon the inconsistency of the Southern Press. And nine times out of ten the Press is equally humbugged with the people. The fair promises of pay for these *pruf* advertisements are never met.

These views are fully substantiated by close observation. And the immediate suggestion at this time is the following article in an Alabama paper, perfectly truthful in every word; but in said paper are two advertisements of Northern bogus papers, with great gift inducements to now subscribers.

We command the truthfulness of the article, but deplore the advertisements. To be consistent, why not fill the advertising space with the prospectus of a good Southern paper or magazine. Believing this to be the right course, we follow it, and respectfully recommend the same to others. The following is the article to which we have referred:—

NORTHERN PUBLICATIONS.—The Mobile Register, in commenting on the habit of Southerners patronizing Northern publications to the extent now done, advances ideas which should cause every Southern man who sends to the North for Books, Periodicals or papers, to reflect seriously whether he does not entail a serious injury on the South by so doing.—The Register says:

Scarcely a mail reaches us which does not contain some new work issued from the Northern press. Either a weekly, monthly or quarterly periodical requiring a large outlay of money, and affording a fresh channel for the literary labor of that section of the Union. That these enterprises are not entirely or even mainly dependent upon home patronage, is susceptible of proof. Whence do they derive a support? It is from the South. We do not condemn, on the contrary, we applaud them for their energy and industry, but why cannot we occupy the fields which spread out so invitingly? Why cannot our young men and young women, too, find avenues of communication with the reading public nearer home? There is capital enough, intellect enough, intelligence enough, why is no reward offered for their enlistment and service in the various departments of mental exertion here? Not only do we lose by this process of patronizing Northern periodicals the actual outlay made in money, but we foster infatuation among our educated classes from want of a near convenient channel of reaching the public. And to exacerbate such powers generally as the Association possesses. Five members of the Board may constitute a quorum to transact business.

V. The Funds.—Any officer or agent of the Association is authorized to receive contributions, which he shall deposit with the Treasurer and take his receipt for the same with the names of the contributors endorsed thereon, which receipt shall be deposited with the Recording Secretary, who shall enter the names and file said receipt.

2. The Recording Secretary and Treasurer shall respectively make report of contributors and state of the funds to each Annual Meeting, and to the Board of Managers when called upon.

3. No money shall be paid out of the funds of the Association, except by order of the Board of Managers, signed by their President and Secretary.

IV. Board of Managers.

The duties of the Board of Managers shall be—**to devise plans for the advancement of the object of the Association; to provide safe and profitable investment of the funds; to select a design for and superintend the erection of the Monument when sufficient funds are collected; and to make written report of their proceedings at each annual meeting.** And the Board shall have power to call meetings of the Association; to appoint agents to fill any vacancy which may occur in its own body until the succeeding election of officers; and to exercise such powers generally as the Association possesses.

Five members of the Board may constitute a quorum to transact business.

V. Annual Meeting.

The Annual Meetings of the Association shall be held in Greensboro, on the anniversary of the battle of Guilford, every year. Twenty members shall constitute a quorum to do business, at an annual or called meeting.

VI. Amendment to Constitution.

No amendment shall be made to this Constitution, except at an annual meeting and by a two-thirds vote of the members present.

NORTH CAROLINA SYNOD.

The sessions of this body was held in Charlotte last week. We are indebted to the Western Democrat for a synopsis of the report, and the election resulted as follows:

For President:
Gov. John M. Morehead.

For Vice Presidents:
John M. Dick, Rev. T. M. Jones, Rev. E. W. Cartwright, Rev. J. J. Smyth, Prof. Richard Sterling, Ralph Correll, Esq., W. J. Fields, Esq., Rev. John A. Gilmer, Asaph Held, Esq., F. F. Foster, Esq., Isaac Thacker, Esq., Calvin Johnson, Esq.

For Recording Secretary, C. C. Cole.

For Corresponding Secretary, Wm. L. Scott.

For Treasurer, D. P. Weir.

For Board of Managers:

John H. Lindsey, Charles G. Jones, James Sloan, Lyndon Swain, Rev. N. H. D. Wilson, Levi M. Scott.

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Peter Adams,

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE GUARDIAN GUT-BONE.

BY H. A. TWICHT.

"No, indeed, Mr. Johnson, I cannot approve of your determination. The result will be the ruin of the young lady."

"I think not, Mr. Bertrane; the young lady is naturally wild, and I must curb her."

"Do you think that putting a bird in a cage makes it less wild?"

"Certainly, I do; how else would you tame it?"

"By kindness and affection."

"Why, then, I should have to turn myself into a hermit as Peter Grattan did himself."

"What; the East Rock hermit?"

"Why, yes; he was so kind and gentle to the birds, that they would come and feed out of his hands."

"Perhaps so—but you must remember that gentleness to a young lady in her teens is an idle corrective."

"Not so bad as restraint. Go and speak to her; tell her that you have only her good at heart—that being appointed her guardian, you must naturally feel an interest in her, and that if she will only control herself a few years, she shall have full sway to her property and her heart too!"

"Why, sir, you speak as if she would listen to reason?"

"Yes, and she will."

"Not she. I have talked with her a thousand times, and my words made no more impression upon her than rain drops on a rock!"

"But you must try again; not give up the chase; victory is often gained by perseverance."

"In war, but you have men to deal with them—not women—and especially girls in their teens. This young lady cannot be kept in subjection, except by a constant watch over her. I shall therefore send her to a first class boarding school, and put her under the surveillance of a dozen old maids!"

"And do you think they can govern her?"

"I have no doubt that Miss Williams can—she can look her out of countenance in two minutes!"

"But not out of love!"

"O! she is not in love yet."

"Isn't she?—why, as sure as you are alive, you are mistaken, sir."

"No, I am not—why she says she is not."

"Does she? then she is most assuredly, for I never knew a lady tell the truth about love-matters."

"Nor any other—(I am afraid)—"

"And yet you will trust her there?"

"No, I only hope she is not."

"Not what?"

"Not in love."

"Isn't Thomas Finley called to see her?"

"No, indeed, we don't allow any one to call and see her."

"But hasn't he expressed a desire to see her?"

"What then?"

"Why, that is enough."

"Enough, indeed. Do you think a desire to see one is falling in love? She doesn't even know that he has any such desire."

"How do you know what she knows?"

"I take her word for it."

"Why, I thought you didn't take the word of any lady?"

"But my wife says so."

"O! your wife. And do you think that your wife is in the secrets of the young lady?"

"She tells her everything."

"Well, look here—just go and tell the young lady that a young gentleman has expressed a desire to see her."

"Indeed! that would be putting a match to the tinder!"

"O! you could catch her, and see if she blushed! If she did—why it is a gone case, and as sure as your name is Johnson, there will be a match between them."

"Why there can't be; she is not of age. And it is against the law for any one to marry a young lady underage without the consent of her guardian."

"Consent of her guardian!—why, sir, she cares no more about that than the wolf does about the consent of the shepherd!"

"But I would prosecute the man that married her."

"The preacher, you mean?"

"Yes, and drive him off the circuit."

"But he would make the best of the bargain even then; for now he gets only a hundred dollars, and then he would get two!"

"Why, Charles Finley isn't worth a cent in the world!"

"He will be, and can raise that sum in anticipation."

"But you take it for granted that the two are already in love. And I don't know that they have ever seen each other."

"Why, he waited on her home last night."

"Sir, you are jesting."

"No, I am not; I saw it, sir, with my own eyes! And your wife saw it too!"

"My wife—my wife, sir! And didn't she tell me of it? Please take the words out of my mouth, and I'll tell you all the reasons why she didn't tell me of it?"

"You must ask her—not me."

"I will."

Saying this, Mr. Johnson went forth in a hurry to have a consultation with his dear (not to be trusted) spouse, and as worthy too as a violinist."

"Wise," said he; "did you allow that

young man to wait on Louisa home last night?"

"My dear balloon," said Mrs. Johnson, "don't explode right off! do wait a minute till I get out of the way; or the consequences might be dreadful. Why, you might even lose your dear wife!"

"Dear wife—dear demon! Why, what are you doing? plotting against me—getting Louisa married without my knowledge—what in creation has got into you?"

"Into you rather; for you puff and blow like a high-pressure steamboat!"

"But do tell me if you allowed Louisa to walk home with that penniless rascal?"

"Penniless! penniless, indeed! Why? he has more money than you and Louisa both!"

"And where did he get it?"

"To the old Harry!"

"Master, I don't like to go to there!"

"Well, go and bring those horses back."

"Master, Miss Louisa is aboard the carriage."

"Horror! horror! I have killed her. Fate preserve her!"

"So the good man sprang for the street, but the horses were far, far out of sight. And his wife was crying, crying like a baby—all in tears!—poor Louisa—poor Louisa! My husband has killed you! She will be killed, most surely! Don't you think she will, husband? Say, my dear husband, don't you think she will?"

"Alive, you mean, husband."

"Yes, or dead either!"

"But in a few hours Thom. Finley and his fair Louisa were safe in Carolina and—no longer twain but one!"

The next day Thomas sent back the horses and carriage to Mr. Johnson and told him that as he had the girl he might have the vehicle and animals, for he had no further use for them at present!"

Mr. Johnson, on getting this message, went up stairs to his room, and felt like a fool—his wife and the rest of the party felt better.

• • • •

Jefferson's Portrait of Washington.

The subjoined sketch of the life, character and services of General Washington, is from the pen of Mr. Jefferson, and is to be found in a letter to Dr. Walker Jones, dated at Monticello, January 2d, 1814.

It is a powerfully drawn picture, and being entirely free from fulsome panegyric, or attempt at exaggeration, we commend it to the careful attention of our readers, as embodying in a short space all that need be said of that great and good man. It is written in the concise and vigorous style for which its illustrious author was so remarkable, and is worthy of being treasured in the memory of every admirer of the "Father of his Country," or the immortal writer and signer of the Declaration of Independence:

I think I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly; and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these:

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon or Locke; and, as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder than that of his friend of Perry Davis's Pain-Killer, will effect a cure. The Pain-Killer is a good medicine of its kind, and the thing is certainly worth trying.

• • • •

HOLDING THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.—Our admiration for women is not diminished by a knowledge of her amiable weaknesses. Vanity which is conceded to her "besetting sin" assumes a form we scarcely regard it culpable; for its influence is almost always ascribable to a generous desire to afford pleasure to others. While, therefore, we laugh good-humoredly at some of her venial foibles, we do not lose one iota of our love and respect for her. We know many of the sex who, while acknowledging the fidelity of the following palpable hit, will thoroughly enjoy it with us:

Lost Fond Looks.—When a lady (we are talking of a lady in the full height and breadth of fashion) has got the bonnet and gloves on, and is perfectly ready with her parasol in hand, she always goes back to the looking glass to take a last fond look.

Upon our asking "a dear handsome duchess if this was not the truth, she had the charming candor to state: "Yes, my dear Pance, it is the truth, but not all the truth. No woman, take my word for it, is satisfied with one look. At least I know that I am not, for (and here our duchess laughed, as though she was pleased with herself and all the world) I don't mind telling you, I invariably take four good ones. The first look in the glass is for myself; that's nothing but just: the third is for my master; that's nothing but just: the third is for my friends, that's only generous, and the last is for my rivals, that's human nature. If the last look satisfies me, then I know it is all right, and I assure you I never take any more!"—London Punch.

January 1, 1857.

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Upon our asking "a dear handsome duchess if this was not the truth, she had the charming candor to state: "Yes, my dear Pance, it is the truth, but not all the truth. No woman, take my word for it, is satisfied with one look. At least I know that I am not, for (and here our duchess laughed, as though she was pleased with herself and all the world) I don't mind telling you, I invariably take four good ones. The first look in the glass is for myself; that's nothing but just: the third is for my master; that's nothing but just: the third is for my friends, that's only generous, and the last is for my rivals, that's human nature. If the last look satisfies me, then I know it is all right, and I assure you I never take any more!"—London Punch.

January 1, 1857.

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Holding the Mirror Up to Nature.

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